

NO.  
51

# DEEP COMICS

DEC.  
10¢



*Starring* ARCHIE ANDREWS!





[illegible]



# SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

## BULLETIN NO. 29

### HIYA, GANG:

Here's a real soakeroo of an idea that was submitted by one of you Shield G Man members, and Dusty and I like it so much that we're going to put it into operation right now. We're going to give all you members of the Shield G Man Club a chance to show what kind of detectives you are, and reward you for your brains at the same time. But win or lose, you'll all have a lot of fun with this game. Here is a tricky little mystery that Dusty and I had to solve. We did. Can you?

Dusty and I walked into Tom Jenks' apartment. Jenks was streiched out on the floor. Dead. A bullet hole, round and clean in his right temple. Not a mark on his plaied face that looked as though it were in a penceful sleep. There was a note on his desk, typed out. It was a suicide note. In Jenks' lapel pocket, there was a fountain pen. And on his right wrist, a wrist watch, smashed. The homicide squad, headed by Captain Timmons, was already gathered there. "Well, Shield, what do you make of it?" Dusty and I looked at each other knnwingly. It was plain that we both agreed as to what had happened. I spoke for both of us.

"Captain! Jenks did not commit suicide. *He was murdered!*"

Now, you Junior G Man detectives, can you see what Dusty and I saw? How did we know it was murder almost as soon as we looked at the corpse? Pick out the right solution from among the following:

- 1) Jenks wouldn't have typed out the note if he had a fountain pen in his pocket.
- 2) The wrist watch on his right hand showed that he was left handed, and he therefore would have used his *left hand* to shoot himself in the *left temple*.
- 3) The fact that his face was calm and unmarked shows that he was taken by surprise and never knew what happened!
- 4) If he had killed himself, there would have been powder burns from the pistol on his temple.
- 5) It was suicide, not murder.

Now to those who send in the right solution, we will send a large, suitable for framing certificate promoting you to the rank of *special investigator*. In our Shield G Man Club, and your names will be printed on this page announcing your promotions. The proper solution will be given in the next Shield G Man Bulletin.

This contest is open *only to members of the Shield G Man Club, or those sending in for membership along with their answers.*

Get going, pals, and good luck.

*Sincerely*  
Joe Higgins

## USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins  
Room 603  
241 Church St.  
New York City

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



NAME.....

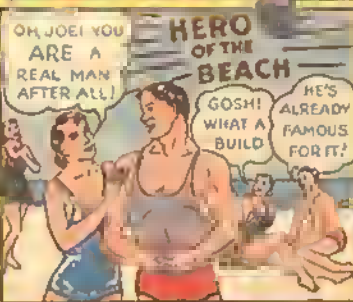
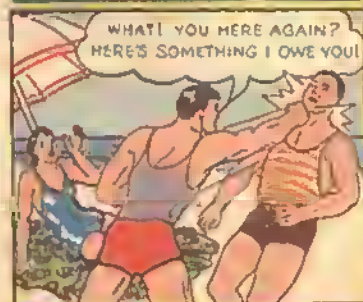
ADDRESS..... AGE.....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE  
IN THREE COLORS  
RED—WHITE—BLUE

HOW JOE'S BODY  
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too,  
in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around" — (if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim) — then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension" That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindleshanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man!"

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say — see how they looked before and after — in my book "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book — FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 259-M, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles  
Atlas

— actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 259-M  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me — give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name  (Please print or write plainly)

Address

City  State   
☐ Check here if under 16 for booklet A

THE ORIGINAL  
**SHIELD**  
DUSTY  
the  
BOY DETECTIVE

IN  
**ORPHANS  
OF  
DEATH**



ONE DAY AS JOE HOBBS OF THE FBI WATS FOR A BUS -



WOULD YOU MIND HOLDING MY BABY FOR A MOMENT SO THAT I MAY BE ABLE TO GET MY FARE?

WHY NO! I'D BE GLAD TO!



YOU'VE GOT A REAL CUTE BABY HERE, LADY!



SOMETIMES I WISH I HAD A - HEY! NOW WHERE DID SHE GO TO?

SIR?



GOOD HEAVENS MAN, MY BABY! THAT'S NO WAY TO ARE YOU HOLD YOUR BABY! KIDDING? THIS ISN'T MY CHILD LADY! YOU SEE --



DENYING YOUR OWN CHILD! YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!

GULP! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!



-BUT IT'S A CATCH THAT I CAN'T TRAVEL HOME BY BUS! I ONLY HOPE I CAN GET A CAB!



MEANWHILE, LETS TURN TO DUSTY-

LA DE DUM! I'D  
BETTER PICK OUT THE  
RECORDS I WANT FOR  
TOMORROWS JIVE PARTY!



MAIRZY-DOTES 'N' DOEZ-E-DOES ♪  
'N- OH, OH! THERE GOES THE DOORBELL!  
WHO IS IT?



IT'S ME, JOE!  
OPEN THE DOOR!

I CAN'T-I'VE  
GOT MY HANDS  
FULL!



SO HAVE I! I'VE  
GOT A BABY IN MY  
ARMS!

OH A BABY!  
THAT'S DIFFER-  
ENT!



A  
BABY!



I WASN'T  
KIDDING!



WHERE'D YOU  
GET THAT FROM?



A LADY ASKED ME  
TO HOLD HER BABY  
AND WHEN I TURNED  
AROUND, SHE  
DISAPPEARED!

HE'S A CUTE KID,  
BUT WHAT ARE WE  
GOING TO DO  
WITH HIM?



BAW!  
WHAH!  
WHAM!  
WA W!

THE FIRST THING WE HAVE  
TO DO IS TO STOP HIM FROM  
CRYING! HERE'S A RATTLE  
THAT WAS TIED TO HIS HAND!



KITCHY KOO!  
KITCHY KOO!  
WOOK AT THE PRETTY  
WATT WE!



JUST THEN AT  
F.B.I. HDQRTS

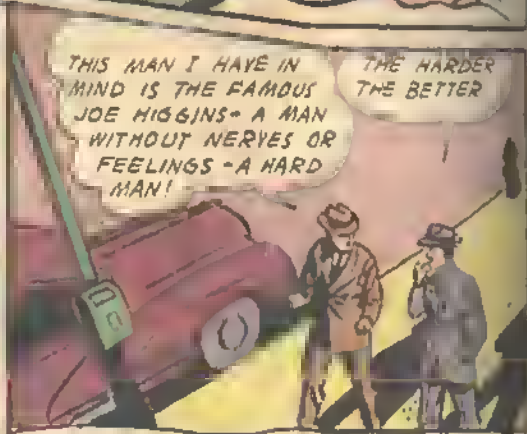
I HAVE JUST  
THE MAN FOR YOU  
INSPECTOR MCGREGOR!

GOOD! LET'S  
GO TO HIM NOW!



THIS MAN I HAVE IN  
MIND IS THE FAMOUS  
JOE HIGGINS - A MAN  
WITHOUT NERVES OR  
FEELINGS - A HARD  
MAN!

THE HARDER  
THE BETTER



HELLO! WHAT'S  
THIS?

KITCHY KOO!  
KITCHY KOO!  
DON'T CRY - BE A  
GOOD-ON-ER -  
HELLO CHIEF!

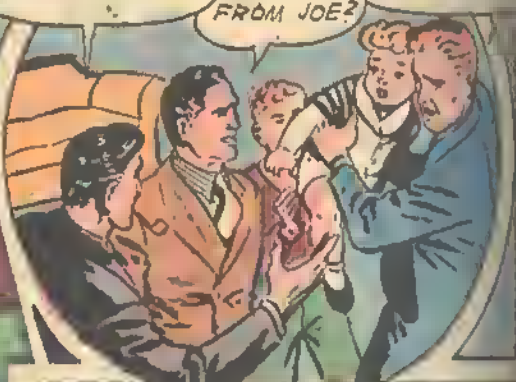
OOOPS!



A HARD MAN, EH!  
SEEMS VERY  
MATERNAL TO ME!

WHERE'D  
YOU GET  
THE CHILD  
FROM JOE?

NEVER MIND  
NOW, CHIEF! HERE  
DUSTY TAKE -

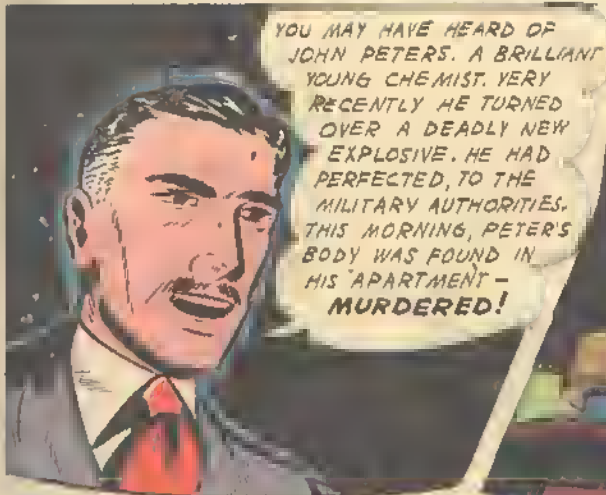


WHAT'S UP  
CHIEF?

THIS IS INSPECTOR  
MCGREGOR OF THE CITY  
POLICE, LET HIM TELL  
HIS STORY!







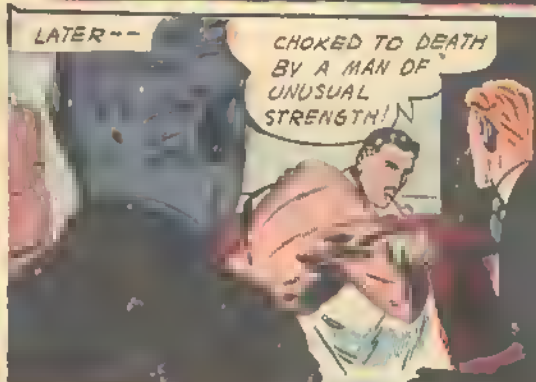
YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF JOHN PETERS. A BRILLIANT YOUNG CHEMIST. VERY RECENTLY HE TURNED OVER A DEADLY NEW EXPLOSIVE. HE HAD PERFECTED, TO THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES. THIS MORNING, PETER'S BODY WAS FOUND IN HIS APARTMENT - **MURDERED!**

HIS WIFE, WHO HELPED HIM WITH THE EXPERIMENT WAS GONE AS WAS HER BABY...IT MIGHT HAVE FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF THE MURDERERS. THEY WILL NO DOUBT TRY TO GET HER TO DISCLOSE THE FORMULA!

I SEE! SUPPOSE WE HAVE A LOOK AT THE BODY!

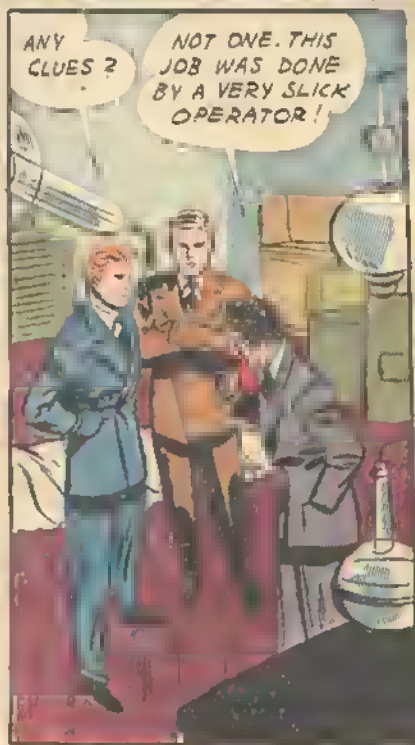


LEAVING THE CHILD IN DUSTY'S CARE, THE THREE MEN LEAVE FOR THE APARTMENT-



LATER--

CHOKED TO DEATH BY A MAN OF UNUSUAL STRENGTH!



ANY CLUES?

NOT ONE. THIS JOB WAS DONE BY A VERY SLICK OPERATOR!



SAY- IT'S SIX-THIRTY- I WONDER IF DUSTY WILL REMEMBER TO FEED THE CHILD--



EXCUSE ME WHILE I CALL HIM!

A HARD MAN- EH? HA' HA!

BOY, THIS  
BUSINESS OF BEING  
A MOTHER IS TOUGH!

RING

HELLO, JOE, YEAH  
I'M HEATING-THE  
CEREAL NOW-DON'T  
WORRY- I'M-

WHA-  
UGH!

HELLO!  
HELLO DUSTY!

WHAT'S  
WRONG?

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED-  
I'M BEATING IT BACK TO MY  
APARTMENT, PRONTO!

THIS MAY  
BE A JOB  
FOR THE  
SHIELD!

WHILE AT JOE'S APARTMENT-

QUICK! GET THE  
BABY, FISHFACE...I  
HAVE SOME **PRESSING**  
BUSINESS WITH THIS  
BRAT!

GOT 'IM  
FIVE BY  
FIVE!

UGH-  
AGHHH



YOU DID AN EXCELLENT  
JOB TRAILING THE BABY,  
FISHFACE! EXCELLENT!

YEAH! BUT I  
AIN'T SO GOOD WIT  
BABIES! HOW DO I  
KEEP DIS ONE FROM  
BAWLIN'?

HERE'S A RATTLE FISH-  
FACE, MAYBE  
IT'LL SHUT  
HIM UP!

LOOK FIVE BY  
FIVE! HE'S SMILIN'  
IT DID THE TRICK!

GOOD! LET'S  
GO!

A FEW MINUTES AFTER THEY DEPART  
DUSTY STIRS-THEN RISES GROGGILY

OH - MY  
NECK

BOY THAT FAT BABY SURE  
HAD POWERFUL HANDS!  
WONDER WHY THEY WANTED  
THE KID?

SWIFTLY SLIPPING INTO HIS  
UNIFORM, DUSTY BECOMES  
THE BOY DETECTIVE -

I'LL HAVE TO HURRY IF  
I WANT TO FIND OUT - BUT  
I'VE GOT TO LET JOE KNOW  
WHERE I'M GOING  
SOMEHOW!

I KNOW, I'LL LEAVE A TRAIL  
WITH THIS CAN OF  
CEREAL!

THERE THEY GO INTO THAT  
CAR— I'D BETTER STEP  
ON IT!

MADE  
IT!

THERE'S NO SIGN OF  
DUSTY OR THE KID!  
WHAT'S THIS ON THE  
FLOOR?

CEREAL—  
AND THERE SEEMS TO  
BE A TRAIL OF IT!

BY GEORGE! I GET IT!  
DUSTY LEFT THIS AS A  
TRAIL FOR ME TO  
FOLLOW!

GOOD BOY DUSTY!  
THIS TRAIL IS AS PLAIN  
AS THE NOSE ON MY  
FACE!

MEANWHILE THE  
CAR BEARING DUSTY PULLS UP BEFORE AN  
OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE!

WAREHOUSE



NOW MRS PETERS I  
THINK YOU WILL  
GIVE ME THE  
INFORMATION I  
WANT!

MY-- MY  
BABY!

YES MY DEAR ALIVE  
NOW BUT NOT FOR  
LONG - UNLESS -

NO! NO!  
I'LL TELL  
ITS IN -

HOLD EVERYTHING

HUH?  
WHO-

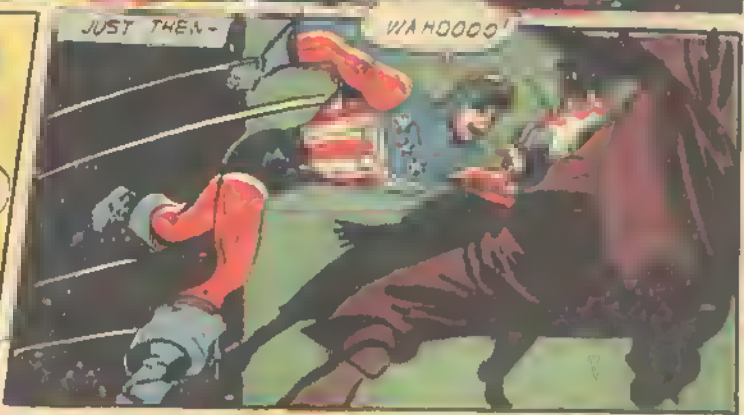


MY INNINGS NOW,  
FATTY!



I'LL MAKE  
SURE OF  
YOU THIS  
TIME YOU  
IMP!

AAARGH!



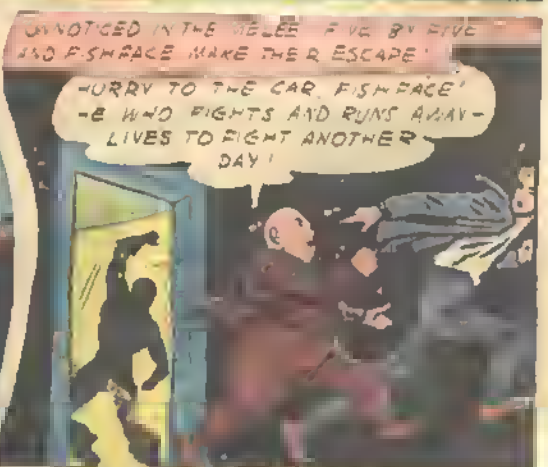
JUST THEN -

WAHOOO!



UP AND AT  
EM DUSTY!

IN WAY  
AHEAD OF  
YOU, SHIELD



NOTICED IN THE REAR FIVE BY FIVE  
AND FISHFACE MAKE THE ESCAPE!

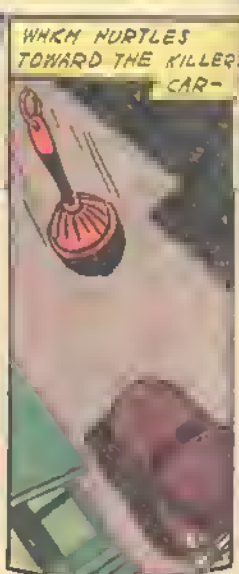
HURRY TO THE CAR, FISHFACE!  
-E WHO FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY -  
LIVES TO FIGHT ANOTHER  
DAY!



THEY'RE GETTING AWAY  
IN THE CAR!



FRIGHTENED BY HIS MOTHER'S SHOUTS,  
THE CHILD DROPS  
HIS RATTLE—



WHICH RATTLES  
TOWARD THE KILLERS  
CAR—



AS IT STRIKES THE  
AUTO, A TREMENDOUS  
EXPLOSION OCCURS—

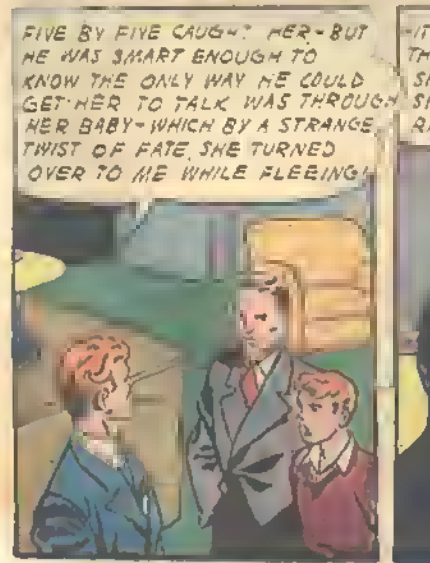


LATER ... AND SO,  
INSPECTOR  
MCGREGOR, THE CASE  
IS COMPLETELY CLEANED!

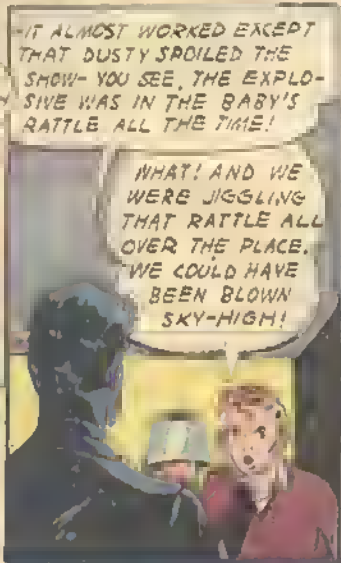
I STILL DON'T  
GET IT, JOE!



IT'S VERY SIMPLE! FIVE  
BY FIVE KNEW HE COULDN'T  
GET THE FORMULA, HOWEVER,  
A SAMPLE OF THE EXPLOSIVE  
WOULD BE JUST AS GOOD.  
BUT MRS. PETERS HAD  
HAI BEFORE SHE  
FLED!



FIVE BY FIVE CAUGHT HER—BUT  
HE WAS SMART ENOUGH TO  
KNOW THE ONLY WAY HE COULD  
GET HER TO TALK WAS THROUGH  
HER BABY—WHICH BY A STRANGE  
TWIST OF FATE, SHE TURNED  
OVER TO HIM WHILE FLEEING!



—IT ALMOST WORKED EXCEPT  
THAT DUSTY SPOILED THE  
SHOW—YOU SEE, THE EXPLO-  
SIVE WAS IN THE BABY'S  
RATTLE ALL THE TIME!

WHAT! AND WE  
WERE JIGGLING  
THAT RATTLE ALL  
OVER THE PLACE.  
WE COULD HAVE  
BEEN BLOWN  
SKY-HIGH!



NO DUSTY, IT HAD TO DROP  
ON SOMETHING TO DETONATE  
THE CHARGE—THE BABY DID  
THAT, AND UNKNOWNLY,  
AVENGED HIS FATHER'S  
DEATH!



# The Black HOOD

MAN  
OF  
MYSTERY



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS  
PICTURE? IT COULDN'T HAP-  
PEN IN THIS DAY AND AGE  
YOU SAY? THEN THE STORY  
YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ  
WILL APPEAR FANTASTIC,  
UNBELIEVABLE. EVEN THE  
BLACK HOOD WOULDN'T  
HAVE BELIEVED IT-IF IT  
HADN'T HAPPENED TO  
HIM !!

NIGHT. AND FROM  
THE FOG SHROUDED  
WATERS THERE  
LOOMS THE PROW  
OF A STRANGE  
SHIP—



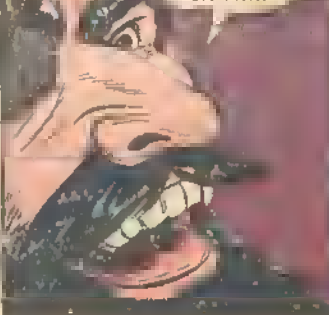
A BOAT IS LOWERED OVERSIDE. STRONG ARMS ROW  
A FLAT BOTTOMED CRAFT NOISELESSLY OVER THE  
DARK, CRESTING WAVES—



AND MEN IN PIRATE GARB, ARM-  
ED TO THE TEETH, SWARM LIKE  
MONKEYS OVER THE SLOPING  
SIDES OF A PEACEFUL CRAFT—



A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK, ME  
HEARTIES! WE'LL SLEEP ON  
STACKS OF GOLD WHEN  
THIS JOB IS DONE! YE  
CAN TAKE BLACK-  
BEARD'S WORD  
ON THAT!



NEXT MORNING AT PRECINCT 71—

DAGNABBIT! BLACKBEARD'S  
MAKING A FOOL OF THE  
WHOLE POLICE DEPART-  
MENT! HE'S ROBBED 3  
SHIPS ALREADY!  
WHAT'RE YOU GONNA  
DO ABOUT IT?



STARTING TWO MINUTES AGO,  
HE IS! I'M PUTTING YOU ON  
THE WATERFRONT! YOUR  
ORDERS ARE TO BRING IN  
BLACKBEARD!





THAT NIGHT, KID BURL AND PATROLS  
A CURIOUS BEAT- IN THE GAME  
ROOM OF JACKSON CARR'S PALATIAL  
YACHT RIDING AT ANCHOR IN THE BAY

ENJOYING  
YOURSELF?

JUST DOING MY  
JOB, MR CARR' I  
WON'T INTERFERE  
WITH YOUR FUN!

JACKSON CARR'S GUESTS HAVE  
THEIR OWN IDEAS OF 'FUN'

SEE  
THAT  
DEVIL  
JUMP!

HE  
HOPPED RIGHT  
PAST MY  
NUMBER!

AT LAST THE FROG LEAPS INTO  
ONE OF THE WHIRLING DISKS. THERE  
IS A BLAZE OF ELECTRICITY--

NUMBER  
FOURTEEN  
WINS!

AN INTERESTING  
GAME, DON'T YOU  
THINK? THE FROG  
IS ELECTROCUTED  
WHEN HE LANDS  
ON A NUMBER!

AWW! JACKSON  
CARR'S FRIENDS  
ARE WILLING TO  
TRY ANYTHING  
FOR A THRILL!



SAY!  
THAT  
SHIP'S  
OFFICER  
LOOKS  
FAMILIAR!

I'LL SWEAR HE WAS  
HOOK MARTIN! WANTED  
BY THE POLICE OF A  
DOZEN STATES! I'LL  
FIND OUT WHAT HE'S  
DOING ABOARD  
THIS YACHT!

SECONDS LATER....

I JUST  
DROPPED IN  
FOR A TALK!

THE  
BLACK  
HOOD!

BUT I CAN  
SEE YOU'RE 'IN  
NO MOOD  
FOR TALKING!

OWWW!

I'M ALWAYS  
WILLING TO  
OBLIGE!

YOU BOYS CAN  
FIGHT THIS OUT  
TOGETHER!

I'LL JUST ADD A  
FINISHING TOUCH!

OH! OH!  
YOU CALL  
THAT A TOUCH!

OH! OH! OH!


PAINFUL MINUTES LATER-

THEY'VE GONE! I'LL TELL  
JACKSON CARR HE'S HIRED A  
CREW OF CRIMINALS! THEY  
WON'T GET OFF THE SHIP!






LOCKED  
IN!




MAYBE I CAN  
SQUEEZE  
THROUGH  
HERE!




SQUIRMING AND TWISTING, THE  
AGILE BLACK HOOD WORKS HIS  
LEGS THROUGH THE PORTHOLE.

IF I CAN  
ONLY HOOK  
MY LEGS  
IN THAT LEDGE  
ABOVE!




WHEW!  
NOW COMES  
THE HARDEST!



MADE IT!  
BUT IT WAS TOO  
CLOSE FOR  
COMFORT!

EVEN AS THE BLACK HOOD REGAINS THE DECK, A MOTLEY  
PIRATE CREW SWARM OVER THE PORT SIDE -



LAY TO, MEN!  
THERE'S PLENTY  
OF LOOT FOR US  
ALL!

BLACKBEARD AND HIS PIRATE  
CREW ARE STRIKING -



DON'T BE SHY! GIVE WILLINGLY... OR WE'LL TAKE IT FROM YOU WITH A SWORD'S EDGE FROM YOUR THROATS!



I HOPE I'M INTERRUPTING SOMETHING!



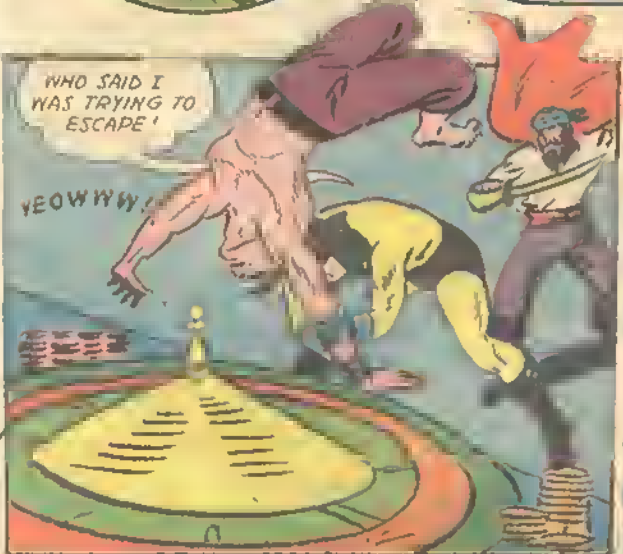
SORRY! BUT I DON'T GET THE POINT!



YOU GET THIS?



YE ROGUES! DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!



WHO SAID I WAS TRYING TO ESCAPE!

YEOWWWW!



HALP! GET ME OFF THIS WHEEL! I'M DIZZY!



BLACKBEARD FIGHTS BACK LIKE A SAVAGE  
ANIMAL—



MOMENTARILY BLINDED, THE BLACK HOOD FALLS VICTIM  
TO A VICIOUS THRUST—



LATER THE BLACK HOOD WAKENS TO  
FIND A NEW PERIL—



PLEASANT  
DREAMS  
HA HA HA!



DOWN THROUGH THE COLD  
GREEN DEPTHS THE BLACK  
HOOD PLUNGES TOWARD  
THE OCEAN BOTTOM—



A DESPERATE RACE AGAINST TIME...  
WHILE BREATH BURSTS IN HIS  
LUNGS, AND THE TERRIBLE PRESSURE  
HOLDS HIS BODY IN A VISE-LIKE  
GRIP.

THE ROPES  
LOOSER!  
I'VE GOT TO  
HURRY!



AT LAST! NOW  
TO GET RID OF  
THESE WEIGHTS!



THE LONG FIGHT UPWARD  
BEGINS -



FRESH AIR! IT  
CERTAINLY SMELLS  
GOOD!



MEANWHILE  
WE'LL BE LEAVING  
NOW! IF ANY MAN  
JACK O' YOU STICKS  
OUT HIS HEAD UNTIL  
WE'RE CLEAR AWAY,  
I'LL CHOP IT OFF  
WITH MY SABRE  
EDGE! YOU  
UNDERSTAND  
ME!



THANK YE ALL FOR A  
PLEASANT EVENING!  
AND A GOOD NIGHT  
TO YOU... FROM  
BLACK BEARD!  
HA HA HA!



BLACK BEARD  
MUST HAVE GONE!  
I DON'T SEE HIS  
SHIP ANYWHERE!

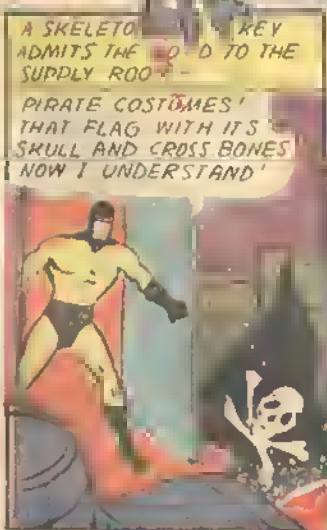


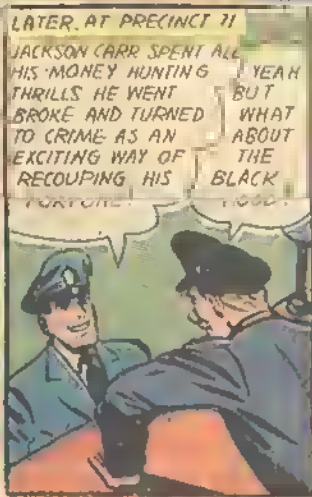
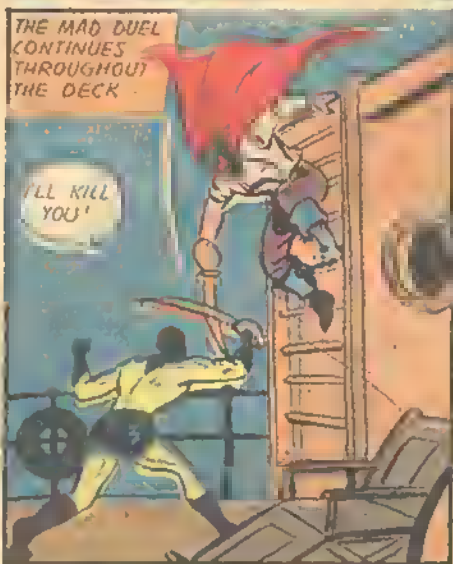
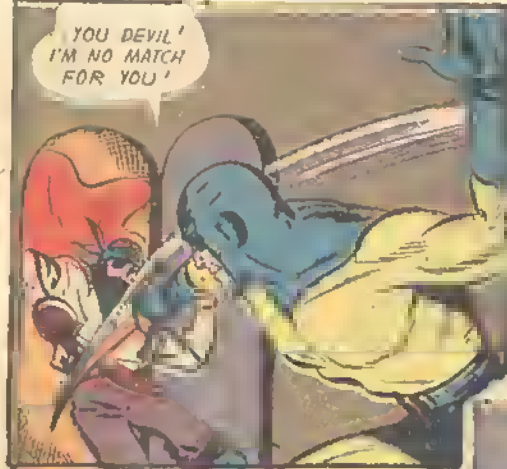
IT WAS A NEAT  
HAUL TONIGHT! I'LL  
BET THOSE FOOLS ARE  
STILL AFRAID TO  
LEAVE THE GAMING  
ROOM

WELL, I'LL BE! HOOK  
MARTIN AND HIS  
GANG ARE THE  
PIRATES!









CONSIDER  
IT DONE,  
SARGE E!  
I MEAN  
I'LL TRY  
MY BEST



# CAPTAIN COMMANDO

and the  
**BOY  
SOLDIERS**

## COMMUNIQUE # 17

TO ALL COMMANDO UNITS.  
IN THE ACTION ON ARUNDO,  
FOLLOW THE SOUND OF  
SANDY MACGOWN'S BAGPIPES.  
THEY WILL BE LEADING THE  
WAY TO VICTORY....

*Captain Commando*



OVER THE BLOODY BATTLEGROUND OF FUYARU  
THERE MOVES A SOLITARY, SEARCHING FIGURE—

EH, MAN, BUT IT IS  
SURE TO BE SOME-  
WHERE ABOUT!

TWAS IN THE  
FIGHTING AROUND  
THE RIDGE THAT I  
'MAUN HAE LOST IT!  
I REMEMBER IT  
CLEAR!

SUDDENLY A HALF BURIED OBJECT  
CATCHES SANDY MACGOWN'S EYE—

EH, MAN! THERE  
SHE IS! THERE  
IS ME LITTLE  
BEAUTY!

AN' I THOUGHT  
I LOST YE!  
ME OWN BAG-  
PIPES! OH, BUT  
IT WOULD  
HAE BEEN A  
HARD DAY  
IF I DINAE  
FIND YE  
HERE!

SO SANDY MACGOWN AND  
HIS BAGPIPE WERE RE-  
UNITED, ON A BATTLEFIELD  
STREWN WITH SCOTTISH DEAD.  
FOR THE ACTION AT FUYARU  
WAS HARD AND COSTLY, AND  
FEW WERE LEFT TO CELE-  
BRATE THE VICTORY—

WE ARE ASSIGNING THE  
VETERANS OF FUYARU TO  
A COMMANDO BATTALION!  
YOUR BATTLE EXPERIENCE  
WILL PROVE HELPFUL IN  
FUTURE OPERATIONS!

AYE, B—  
I HOPE  
THEY WILL  
NAE OB-  
JECT TO ME  
BAGPIPES!

YOUR BAGPIPES!  
YOU CAN'T TAKE  
THEM!

THEN I CANNA  
GO EITHER! FOR  
'ME AN' THE  
PIPES GO  
TOGETHER!



AFTER TWO HOURS OF FRUITLESS ARGUMENT...

VERY WELL! YOU CAN TAKE YOUR BAGPIPES! BUT I'VE NO IDEA WHAT THE COMMANDOS WILL THINK!

I AM SURE THEY ARE MOST REASONABLE MEN! AN' IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO KNOW THEM!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER - A SHIP'S DOCK

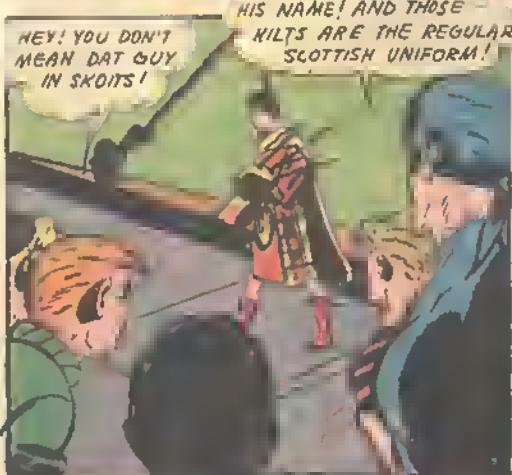
WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE, CAPTAIN?

WAITING FOR SOMEONE! AND HERE COMES NOW!



SANDY MACGOWN IS HIS NAME! AND THOSE KILTS ARE THE REGULAR SCOTTISH UNIFORM!

HEY! YOU DON'T MEAN DAT GUY IN SKOITS!



GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH US MACGOWN!

BEGORRA! AN IT'S GLAD I AM TO BE HERE!



SKOITS! AND A GUY WHAT NEVER LOINED TO TALK ENGLISH WIT' OUT AN ACCENT! WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN NEXT?



THE ANSWER TO BROOKLYN'S QUESTION IS SOON FORTHCOMING. THAT NIGHT, THE PEACE AND QUIET OF THE SLEEPING CAMP IS RUDELY INTERRUPTED -



CRIPES! WHAT'S COMING OFF AROUND HERE? I NEVER HOID SUCH NOISE IN ALL ME LIFE!

I RECOGNIZE EET! EET IS THE SOUND OF BAGPIPES!



EST BES OUR  
NEW FRIEND  
MR. MACGOWIN  
PLAYING!

DAT GUY AIN'T  
NO FRIEND OF MINE!  
HE'S BUSTIN' ME EAR-  
DRUMS!

W'AT ARE YOU  
GOING TO DO?

I'M GONNA FIX DEM PIPES  
SO DEY CAN'T MAKE NO  
NOISE! DAT GUY IS SABOTAGIN'  
ME MORALE!

WITH THE CATLIKE SILENCE OF A COMMANDO,  
BROOKLYN MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD MACGOWIN'S TENT-

HE STOPPED  
BLOWIN'! DAT MEANS  
HE'S ASLEEP!

HERE'S  
ME CHANCE!

YEEOW

SO! YOU WERE  
TRYING TO STEAL  
MY PIPES, EN LAD?

LEGGO  
OF ME!

YOU'RE A HARD LAD!  
IT'LL TAKE A MITE O'  
SPANKIN' TO SET YOU  
STRAIGHT ABOUT THINGS  
LIKE STEALIN'!



PAINFUL MINUTES LATER BROOKLYN RETURNS  
TO HIS TENT-

DEED YOU FEEL HIS  
BAG PIPE SO IT WEEEL NOT  
PLAY?

SHADDUP!

DON'T NEVER MENTION  
NO BAGPIPES TO ME!  
YE UNNERSTAN?

EES SOMETHING  
HURTING YOU?

Ooooh

NAH! AN DON'T AST ME  
WHY I'M SLEEPIN' ON  
ME STOMACH EITHER  
DAT'S JUST CUZ I LIKE  
IT, SEE?

OUI! EEF  
YOU SAY  
SO BROOK-  
LYN!

BUT MORNING BRINGS NEW TOLERANCE  
TO BROOKLYN'S SOUL, AND RELIEF TO  
ANOTHER PORTION OF HIS ANATOMY.

WE'RE MOVING ON, ARUNDA. MEN!  
OUR JOB IS TO SECURE  
THE BEACH SO THE  
MARINES AND OTHER  
REGULAR ARMY  
UNITS CAN MOVE  
IN!

HOOT AWDD! ME  
PIPES AND I  
WILL BE  
READY!

IS IT NECESSARY- I'VE ME OWN  
TO TAKE THE BAG REASONS, SIR!  
PIPE TOO, MAC- I PROMISE YE  
GOWN? THERE WILL BE NARY

A DEEP OUT OF THEM  
UNTIL THE TIME COMES!

ALL RIGHT THEN! THIS  
WON'T BE A PUSHOVER!  
THE JAPS WILL DEFEND  
ARUNDA TO THE LAST MAN.  
WE LEAVE AT MIDNIGHT!

UNTIL THEN,  
GOOD LUCK!

PROMPTLY TO THE APPOINTED HOUR THE  
LANDING BARGES BEGIN AN EXPEDITION  
INTO PERIL...CARRYING THE  
GRIM COMMANDOS TO AN UNKNOWN  
FATE-



WE SHOULD  
BE NEARING  
THE BEACH!

I DINNA LIKE IT! THE  
JAPS ARE A WILY SORT  
AND THEY HAVE SEEN US  
ERE THIS!



SLEETLY THE FLAT-BOTTOMED BARGE GLIDES IN  
TO THE BEACH—

NO SIGN OF  
ANYONE  
ABOUT!

THEY'RE HERE.  
WE MAY LAY TO  
THAT!



WE'LL HAVE TO  
RISK IT! COME ON,  
MEN!

HARDLY ARE ALL THE COMMAN-  
DOS ASHORE WHEN A WITHERING  
CROSSFIRE BLASTS THEM DOWN—



THE DEVILS  
ARE LYIN'  
BEHIND THE  
KNOLL!

WE'RE  
TRAPPED! BACK  
TO THE BOATS!

FROM THE SCANTY SHELTER OFFERED BY THE LANDING  
BARGES, THE COMMANDOS WAGE AVALIANT BUT HOPELESS BATTLE  
AGAINST ODDS—



WE CAN'T LAST LONG  
AT THIS RATE! WE'VE  
GOT TO CHARGE THOSE  
GUNS!

BUT EVEN THE STOUT HEARTS OF THE  
COMMANDOS QUAIL AT THE THOUGHT OF THE  
TASK BEFORE THEM—

IT IS SURE DEATH TO GO OUT THERE!  
SACRE NOM! I AM A COWARD!  
IT'D BE DULL TO LIVE TO A RIPE OLD AGE! NOW I DON'T HAFTA FIND OUT!





AND WHILE THE COMMANDOS HESITATE, A LONE  
FIGURE STRIDES BOLDLY OUT OF CONCEALMENT-

MACGOWN!  
COME BACK  
HERE, YOU FOOL!



COME ON, YOU S.O.B!!  
MACGOWN IS SHOWING  
US THE WAY!



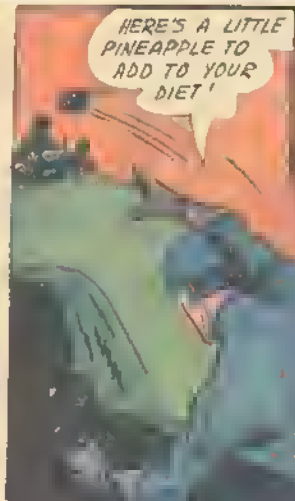
UP THE STEEP SLOPE IN THE FACE  
OF MURDEROUS FIRE, THE  
COMMANDOS BLAST THEIR  
WAY FORWARD -



DOWN INTO THE JAP MACHINE GUN  
NESTS WITH GLEAMING BAYONET -



HERE'S A LITTLE  
PINEAPPLE TO  
ADD TO YOUR  
DIET!



AFTER SWIFT DEADLY SECONDS OF MERCILESS  
FIRE -

WE'VE WON  
THE BEACH! WHERE  
IS MACGOWN?

THERE  
HE IS, CAP!



YOU'RE  
BADLY  
HURT!

'TIS NO MATTER ABOUT  
ME! BUT I COULD HAE... WISHED  
TO LIVE LONGER TO PLAY THE  
PIPES... FOR THE SCOTS WHO DIED  
AT FUYARU!

I PROMISED THEM. I WOULD  
PLAY A LAST VICTORY TUNE  
WHEN I'D MADE THE JAPS PAY.

MACGOWN!

THAT DAY THE AMERICAN SHOCK TROOPS  
SWEEP ON TO A SMASHING TRIUMPH ON  
THE BLOODY ATOLL OF ARUNDA -

HE'S GONE! SO THAT'S WHY HE  
BROUGHT HIS BAGPIPES! HE  
WANTED HIS OLD BRIGADE TO  
SHARE IN THE LAST  
VICTORY!

ONLY HE  
NEVER LIVED  
TO PLAY DEIR  
SONG!

MAYBE DERE IS STILL  
SOMETHING WE CAN DO  
ABOUT DAT!

WE'VE GOT EM ON THE RUN!  
CHARGE!

AND THE WHEEZY STRAINS OF A  
BAGPIPE PLAY THE SCOTTISH  
HYMN OF VICTORY AS WELL AS  
NEXT-PEET HANDS CAN MANAGE!

NICE GOING BROOKLYN!  
YOU DON'T SOUND  
HALF BAD!

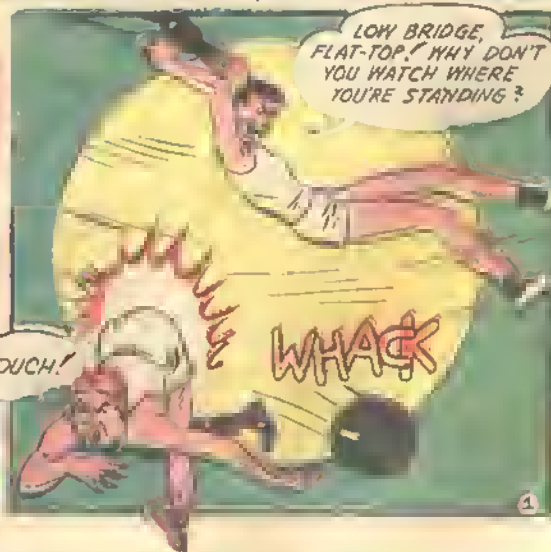
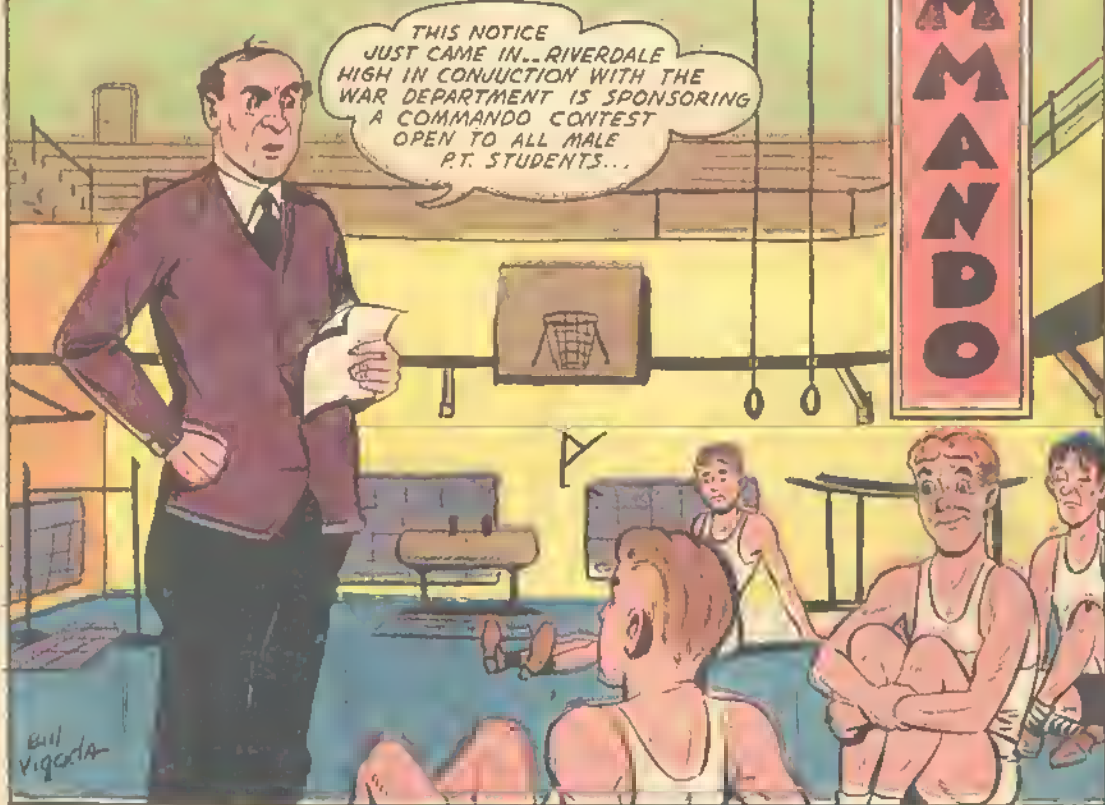
LATER BESIDE AN OPEN  
GRAVE YOU CARRIED  
THE BAGPIPE WITH YOU  
IN LIFE, SANDY! IT BELONGS  
TO YOU IN DEATH!

I HOPE HE DIDN'T  
MIND ME BLOW-  
ING HIS PIPE!

HE UNDERSTOOD BROOKLYN!  
I'M SURE SANDY MACGOWN  
AND HIS BRAVE SCOTS  
WERE LISTENING!  
AND THEY WERE  
PROUD!

# Archie

the  
**COMMANDO**





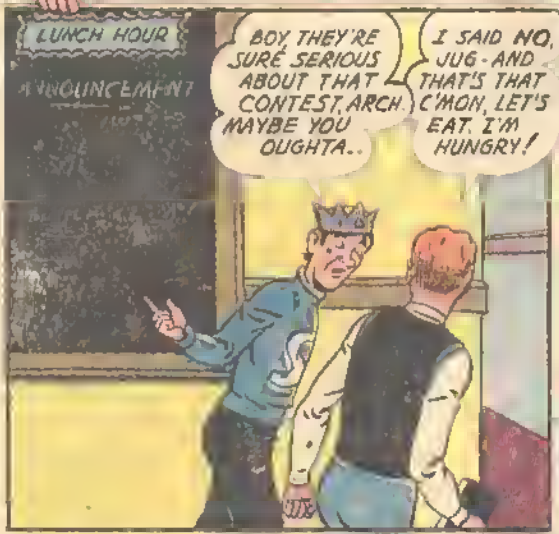


REGGIE MANTLE, YOU SNAKE IN THE GRASS!! YOU PURPOSELY DID THAT!! @\*!@

SOME DAY I'M GOING TO FLATTER THAT GUY, ARCH. SO HELP ME!

YOU'RE JUST A BAG OF WIND!! I BET YOU'RE TOO SCARED TO ENTER THAT COMMANDO CONTEST!

LISTEN, REGGIE!! YOU NOR ANYONE ELSE CAN MAKE ME ENTER THAT CONTEST!! BESIDES I'M TOO BUSY!



LUNCH HOUR  
ANNOUNCEMENT

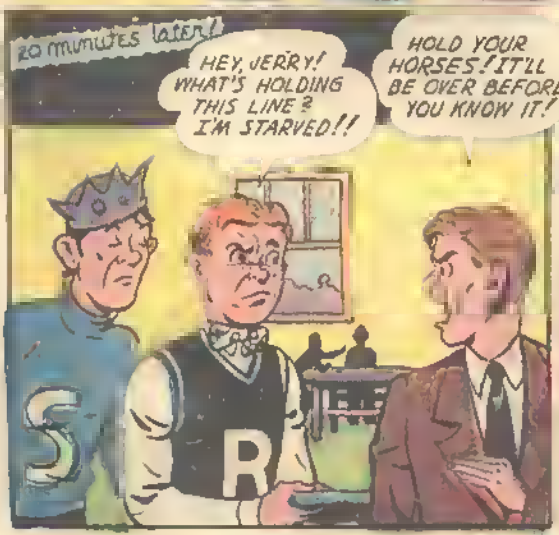
BOY THEY'RE SURE SERIOUS ABOUT THAT CONTEST, ARCH. MAYBE YOU OUGHTA..

I SAID NO, JUG- AND THAT'S THAT C'MON, LET'S EAT. I'M HUNGRY!



MENU  
APPLES  
VEGETABLES

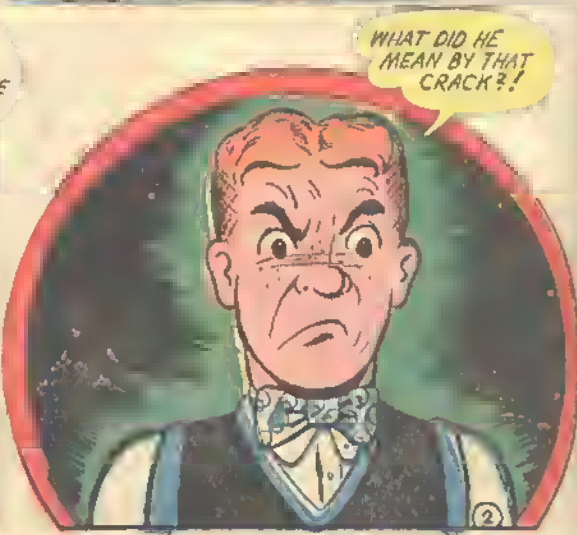
GOSH! THE LINE HAS NEVER BEEN AS LONG AS THIS BEFORE!!



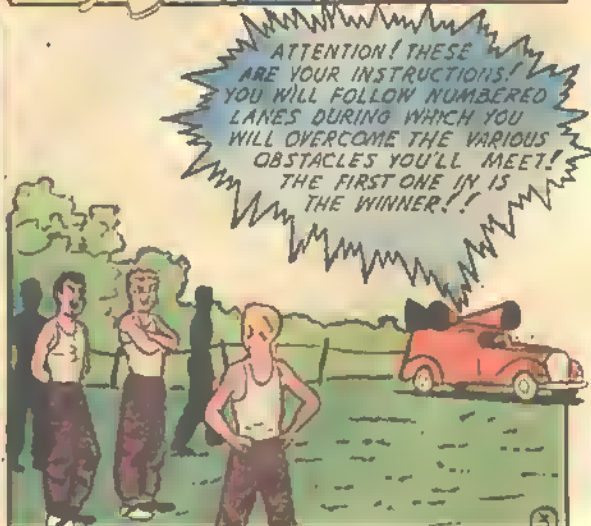
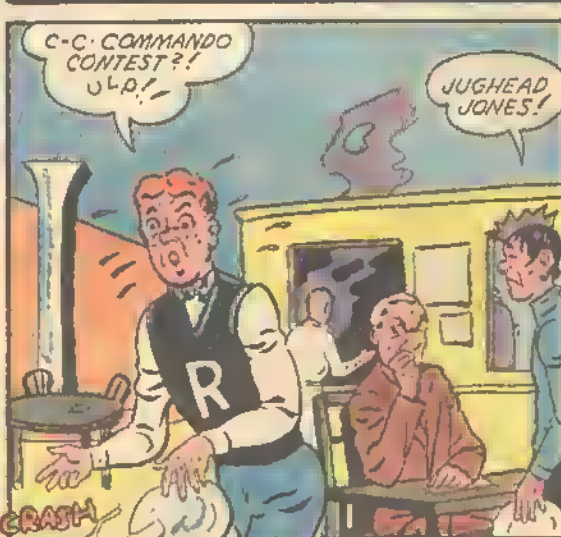
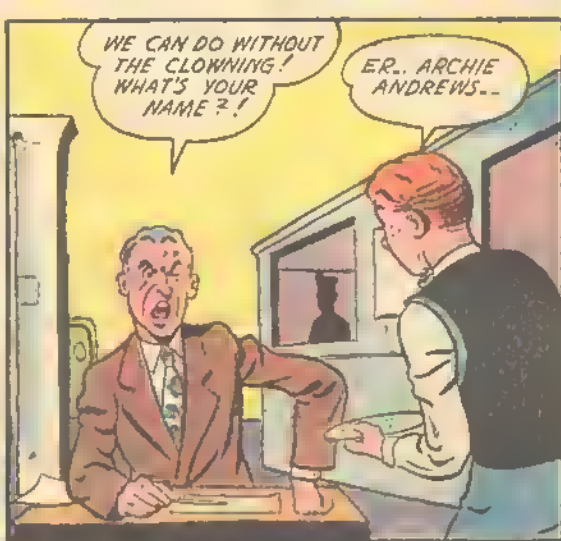
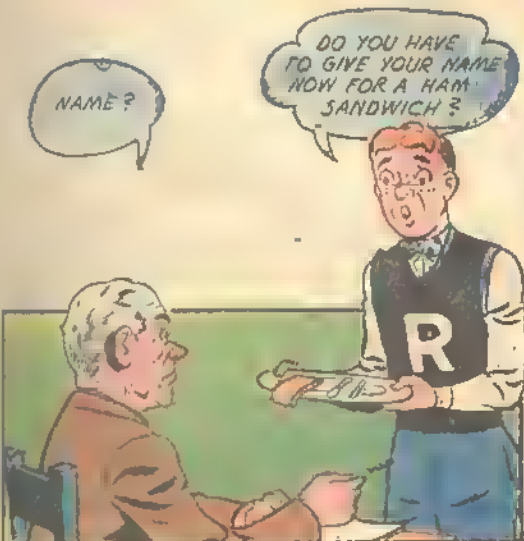
20 MINUTES LATER!

HEY, JERRY! WHAT'S HOLDING THIS LINE? I'M STARVED!!

HOLD YOUR HORSES! IT'LL BE OVER BEFORE YOU KNOW IT!



WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT CRACK?!



THEY'RE OFF!



WHAT'S  
HOLDING YOU?  
C'MON!!



HAVE A  
NICE TRIP!  
HAH! AIN'T  
I FUNNY!!

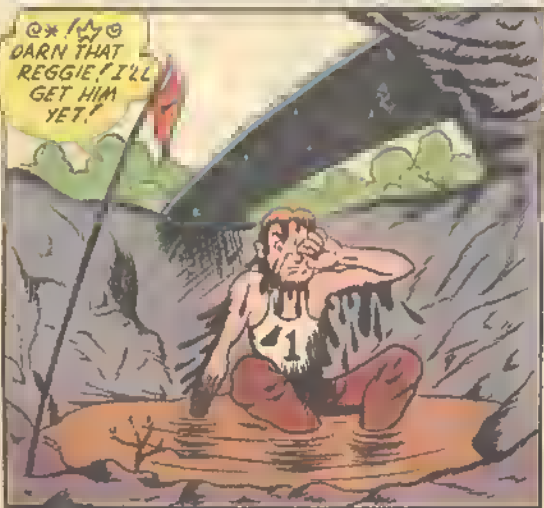
HELP!



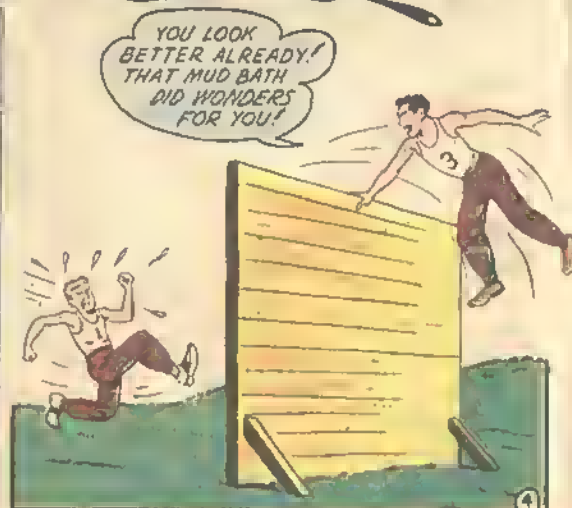
SKWUSH



YOU LOOK  
BETTER ALREADY!  
THAT MUD BATH  
DID WONDERFUL  
FOR YOU!



DARN THAT  
REGGIE! I'LL  
GET HIM  
YET!





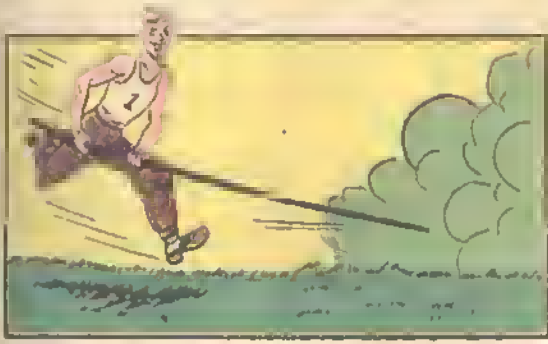
UGH! THIS ISN'T  
EASY AS I THOUGHT!!  
UGH!! UMPH!



I CAN'T MAKE  
IT!! IF I  
COULD GET A  
BOOST! SAY THAT  
POLE!!



BOY! TALK  
ABOUT COMMANDO  
TRICKS. REGGIE  
SHOULD SEE  
THIS ONE!



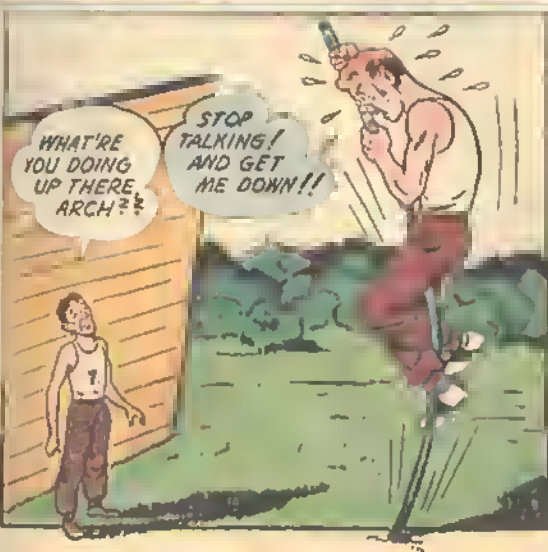
WHAT TH..  
THAT SOUNDS  
LIKE ARCHIE'S  
VOICE..

**HALP!**



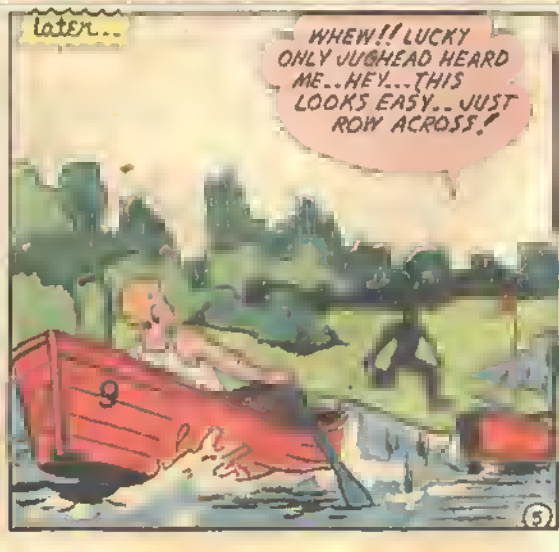
WHAT'RE  
YOU DOING  
UP THERE  
ARCH?!

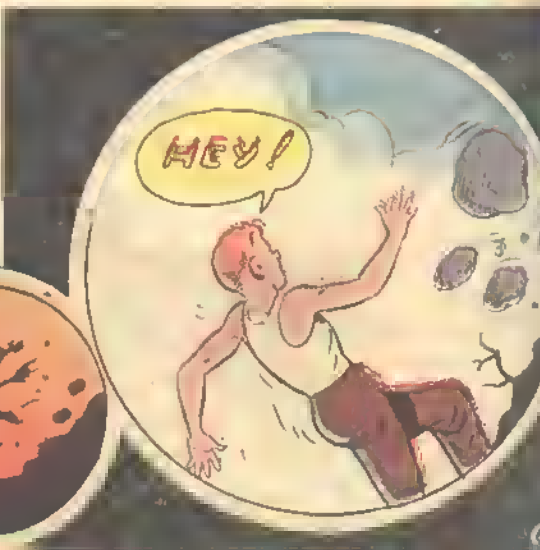
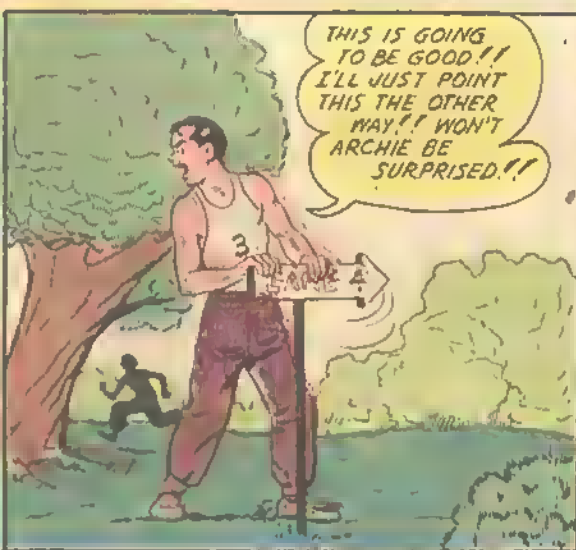
STOP  
TALKING!  
AND GET  
ME DOWN!!

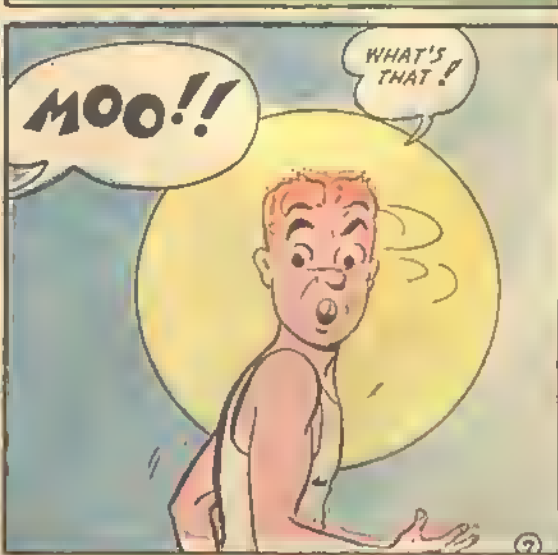


later...

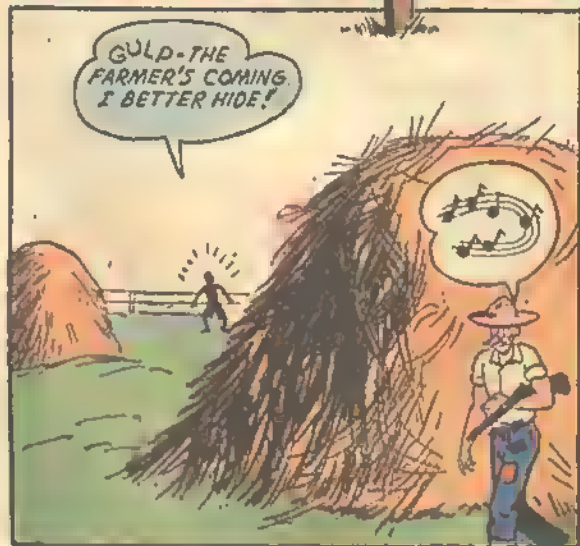
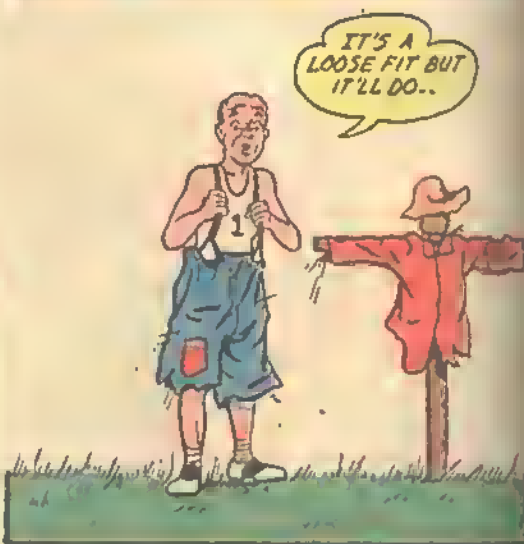
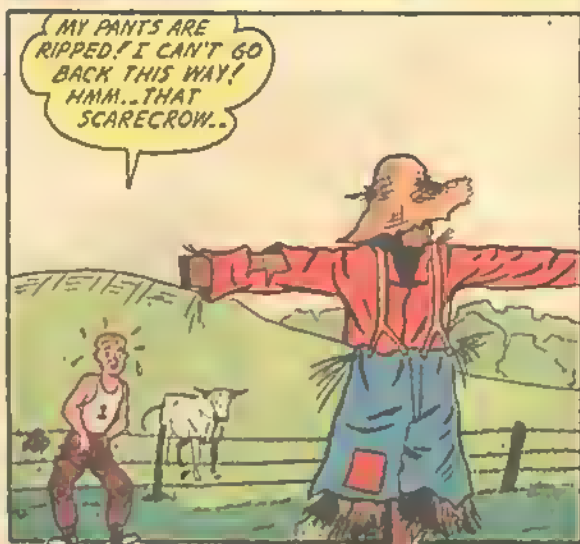
WHEW!! LUCKY  
ONLY JUGHEAD HEARD  
ME...HEY...THIS  
LOOKS EASY...JUST  
ROW ACROSS!

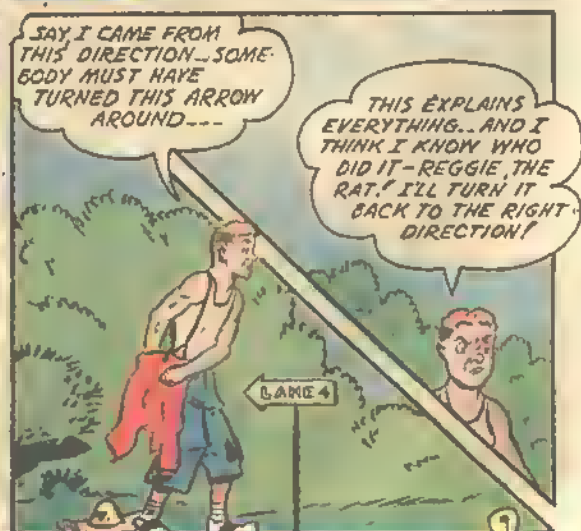
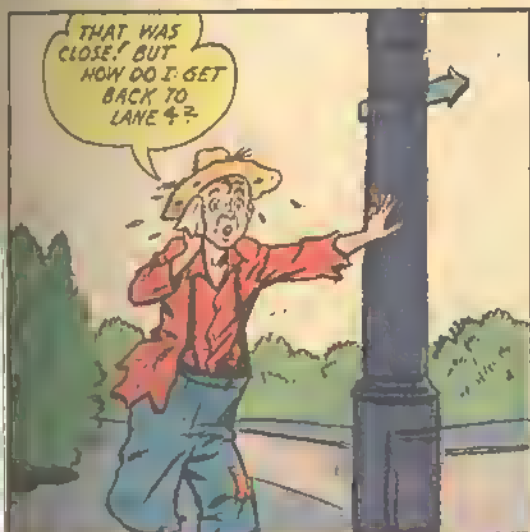
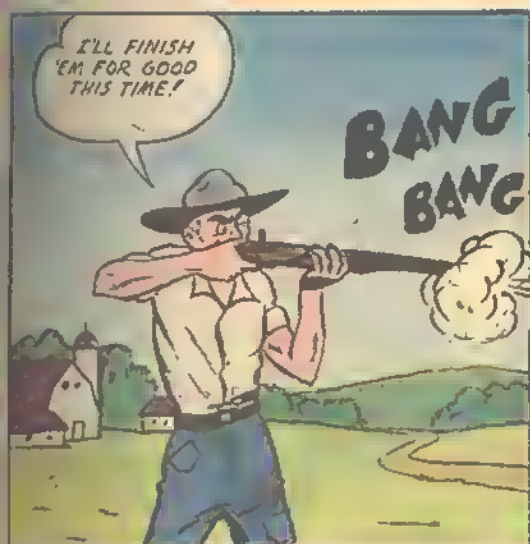












MEANWHILE, WHAT OF REGGIE

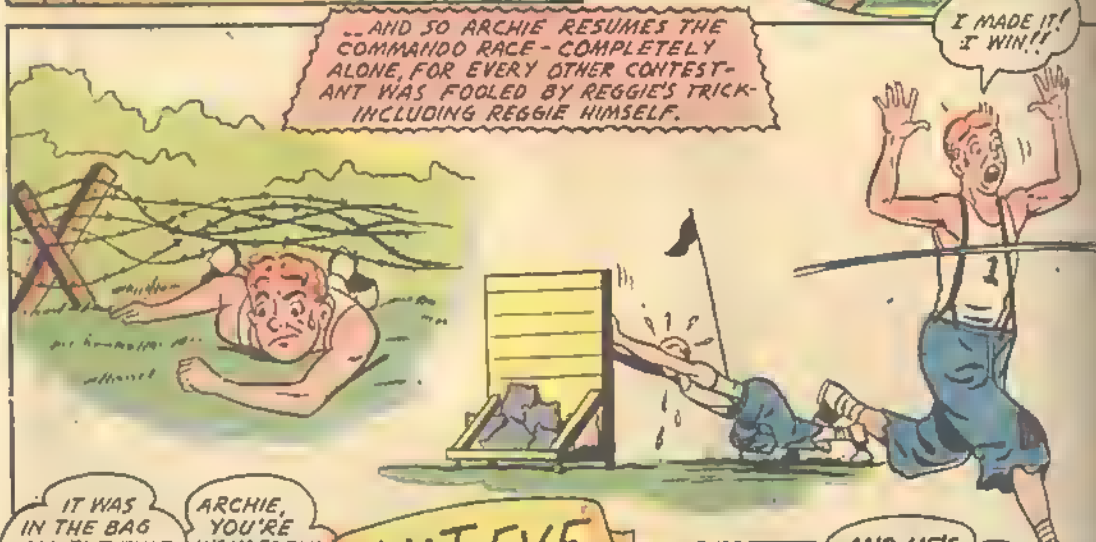
WHEW...THEY CERTAINLY MADE THIS A LONG LANE-HOLY MACKEREL...LANE 4 AGAIN. I MUST'VE BEEN WALKING IN CIRCLES!



I SWITCHED THIS ARROW AROUND SO I'LL GO IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION...OF COURSE! BOY, DID I MAKE SURGE OUT OF THE REST OF THE CROWD!



...AND SO ARCHIE RESUMES THE COMMANDO RACE - COMPLETELY ALONE, FOR EVERY OTHER CONTESTANT WAS FOOLED BY REGGIE'S TRICK-INCLUDING REGGIE HIMSELF.

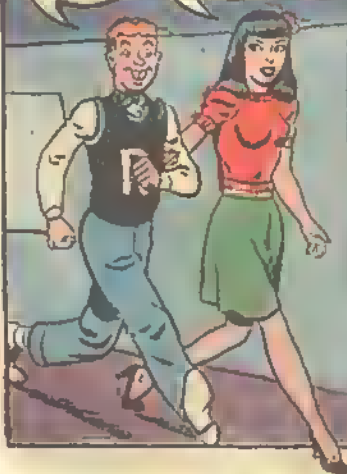


I MADE IT! I WIN!!

IT WAS IN THE BAG ALL THE TIME, VERONICA. I COULDN'T LOSE!

ARCHIE, YOU'RE WONDERFUL YOU DESERVE SOMETHING FOR THIS!

THAT EVE.



AND HE'S GONNA GET IT! HEAR THAT! HE COULDN'T LOSE! I KNEW HE WAS THE GUY WHO CHANGED THAT MARKER!

I SHOULD'VE BROUGHT THE CRANK HANDLE AFTER ALL BOY OF THIS SMALL...

